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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1904. NUMBER 8

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US; LATE AND SOON."

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—*William Wordsworth.*

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1904. NUMBER 8

A Primer of the Peace Movement.

From the Illustrated Exhibit of the American Peace Society at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

COMPILED BY LUCIA AMES MEAD.

I

The Practical Program for World Organization.

ALREADY ACHIEVED.

1. The establishment of representative government in recent times in all Christendom except Russia, and the peaceful union of small states to form larger ones, as in Italy and Germany.
2. The establishment of a World Court at the Hague in 1901, to settle disputes between nations which desire to use it, as the United States Supreme Court settles disputes between our states.

YET TO BE ACHIEVED.

3. The establishment of general arbitration treaties between all nations, pledging reference of all disputes to the World Court, as a few nations already have done.
4. The establishment of a Stated World Congress, at first only advisory, but gradually increasing its powers and evolving a code of international law.
5. Gradual proportionate disarmament, following the lead already taken by Chile and Argentina.
6. A small armed international police force. This may not do away with the use of militia or with the possibility of civil war for an indefinite period; but it will end in a comparatively short time our barbarous international duels, by providing an effective substitute.

Edwin Markham comes near the central truth when he describes religion as "poetry gone into deed." Poetry embodied in life, he says, is religion. How this renders obsolete libraries of books; it settles many a burning question and ameliorates the harsh antagonisms of the past. Mr. Markham's discussion of this topic can be found in the *Homiletic Review* for October.

The daily paper reports that a Chinaman who has lived forty years in this country, who has married an American wife, is unable to secure a title to a lot of land in the city of Chicago for which he is willing to pay the price demanded by the present owner. It seems that a Mongolian cannot hold land here, and the case is equally bad with his American wife, for the law understands that a wife assumes the nationality of her husband. A curious thing is law, is it not?

The autobiography, memoirs and experiences of M. D. Conway in two volumes is announced. What a story this must be—a long life on the picket line! Wherever the fight was thickest on the battle-fields of thought, there was M. D. Conway. In America and in England this son of a slave-holding Methodist mingled with the noblest and freest of men on their own high lines. Pending a more appreciative word based on an acquaintance with the book, UNITY hastens to welcome the as yet unseen guest.

Collier's for October 13th is a Gibson number. In turning over the pages one realizes that Mr. Gibson is a great interpreter of life, a revealer of soul. When so much can be done with pen and ink, one ought not to be discouraged if life to them becomes largely a matter of black and white. Life can be beautiful, if profound, even without color. Colorless things need not necessarily be stupid, if only the lines are true to reality. Gibson worships at the shrine of the god of things as they are; true worship here as elsewhere makes for devoutness.

We reprint in another column Dr. Du Bois' "Creed of a Negro," from the pages of the *New York Independent*, October 6th. The Doctor's own contention is verified in the title. This "Creed of a Negro" will do very well for a white man. The common creed for both white and black should be the creed that not only believes in manliness but commits the believer to an honest recognition of the same, wherever found, whether encased in black, yellow, or white. Theologically, sociologically, and ethnologically, as physically, color is but skin-deep; when the skin is removed you come to the plain man, just man, each individual of which must be judged on his own merit and go for just what he is worth.

Sir Oliver Lodge, of England, according to the *Literary Digest* of October 15th, makes a plea for "recreation at public expense." He thinks the municipality should provide music, theatrical entertainments, simple food and drink at proper times and places without "too much pains to render such place remunerative or even self-supporting." This is but carrying the logic of the good road and the beautiful park, the lawn for tennis courts and the ponds for rowing, already provided for by municipal governments, to their inevitable conclusion. If it is right at public expense to provide lounging places in the summer time, when nature in our latitude is so hospitable, how much more necessary is it to furnish places of resort and for innocent leisure in the winter when our climate is so inhospitable?

A recent number of the *Woman's Journal* has some interesting notes concerning women in the pulpit. The Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, colaborator with her husband in the Unitarian pulpit at Ann Arbor for many years, has accepted a call as Pastor of the Universalist church of Jamaica Plains, Boston, and as soon as Mr. Crooker can set the Ann Arbor house in order, he will follow his wife eastward and find a field of labor where they twain may still be one in the home but two in the pulpit. Miss M. R. Morse will be remembered by many of our UNITY readers, first as a successful teacher in the schools of Sioux City and Omaha, then as a brilliant student of theology in the

University of Chicago, where she won the degree of "B. D." Since then she has sojourned in Germany and returns with the degree of "Ph. D." from Jena. Recently she has preached in the Unitarian church at Ithaca. Here is a woman who has tarried long enough to fully equip herself for her great task. Aspiring to do the work heretofore assumed by many to be man's work, she has taken the necessary precaution to equip herself, man-fashion, for the task. We trust that Miss Morse may promptly find a field worthy her talent where her acquirements may be put to the test and to the use.

Bishop McDowell of the Methodist church has been advising the Garrett Biblical Institute to "Beware of the man of one book!" and fears that the minister who knew his Tennyson, Emerson and Hawthorne is giving way to the man who is engrossed in the books of philosophy and sociology. The good bishop seems to think that the novelist is the man who studies the principles of the philosopher and the sociologist in the concrete and puts the theories to the test. Surely the good bishop does not endanger his orthodoxy by such insinuations, for is not the book of Job a great drama, Ruth a delightful idyl, Jonah a novelette, and the so-called Pentateuch a charming historical romance?

Last Sunday the Rev. R. A. White announced a change in the name of the church over which he has so successfully presided for many years. By special action on the part of the Society, the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church has come to be "The People's Liberal Church." This may come as a shock and surprise to many on the outside, but we happen to know that there is nothing sudden or revolutionary in the change. Pastor and Society have had it under contemplation for a long time. The pros and cons have been discussed at length, and the conclusion, which we understand was practically unanimous, represents a deliberate, sober judgment; nay, it is but fair to say that it is a tardy recognition in name of what has long existed in fact. In his sermon last Sunday the minister explained the reasons for this action. Spite of all refinings and protestations, the word "Universalist" has come to have a very distinct denominational connotation, and whether they would or not, pastor and people were under a sectarian implication, while as a matter of fact they represented non-sectarian and what perhaps would be better characterized as extra or pan-sectarian activities. Brother White and his friends have simply yielded to the logic of the situation, a logic which presses upon every thoughtful minister in a great city, who, in proportion as he becomes a servant of the community and a representative of civic interests and reforms, feels that his label is a libel; that it misrepresents more than it represents. We congratulate our friends of the Stewart Avenue Church on this escape from a sectarian implication which they did not care to carry. We rejoice that they had confidence enough in themselves and the situation to dare experiment, for this is a time that calls for ecclesiastical experiment. The new name represents their thought and attitude at the present time, consequently it is the name for them, although UNITY ventures the prediction that the time will come when "The People's Church," without a qualifier, will be the truer name and the logical demand of the situation. Should there be need of a distinguishing term, a geographical designation would better answer the purpose. We welcome the Stewart Avenue People's Church, not to a new work but to its old work, grasped with an added clearness and a new momentum.

"The Barrel" in Politics.

The painful but altogether hopeful controversy in the republican party in Wisconsin has brought out the significant article of Lincoln Steffens, in *McClure's*, and Senator Spooner's reply to the same. To a superficial reader these two men seem to be in clear antagonism, and the public is asking "which one has lied?" But a more careful analysis of the articles will discover that there is not so much discrepancy between the two. Senator Spooner does not deny that money in large quantities, was used at the times and by the persons indicated in Mr. Steffens' article. His contention is that this money was spent not upon individuals or for the benefit of individuals, but "in the interest of the party"; and a careful reader of Mr. Steffens' article will discover that his words were guarded. He did not presume to say how the money was spent; he simply asserts that money was spent, and that certain results followed.

It appears, then, that both Mr. Steffens and Senator Spooner recognize vast expenditures of money; in other words, the potency of the "barrel" in the past history of the republican party in Wisconsin. Senator Spooner is quite right in assuming that such an admission will not and does not shock the average conscience, because this is but one more manifestation of the habit of politicians and the method of politics. It is practically admitted by all concerned that Mark Hanna's "barrel" was the deciding element in the campaigns which it served. It is also becoming more and more understood that a poor man has no business in politics. A seat with the most honorable body of men in our republican system of government is no longer for a poor man, however high his ideals or noble his powers. Even a seat in the house of representatives is scarcely attainable without money. It is an open secret in one of the congressional districts of Chicago that the present incumbent was given the alternative of planking down ten thousand dollars or stepping down and out. The poor man had not ten thousand dollars to give and so a successor was nominated, and this nominee is a man without character, position, or money. He was put forward, not because he would be an easy man to elect, but because he would be an easy man to defeat by a rival candidate, one whose public traditions are scandalous, whom the city of Chicago retired from the common council some years ago as one of the most effective of the "Gray wolves." Two years ago the same candidate was ordered by an overwhelming public vote to "go

way back and sit down." Now he turns up again, confident of success, not because he is a popular hero, an ideal citizen, the admired of his neighbors, and an exemplary man, but because somehow there is a barrel involved; there is money at stake and money to spend.

The articles by Walter Wellman in current numbers of the Chicago *Record-Herald* are clearing up the situation in Wisconsin. He shows with impartial clearness that back of the idiosyncrasies and defects of contending parties there lies the tremendous power of capital; the "barrel" is in politics; organized capital intimidates or encourages, as needs may be, the active industries, the struggling manufactories of Wisconsin. La Follette may be ambitious and arbitrary; he certainly is a great worker for his cause—but not for this is he made the object of such desperate onslaughts. For other men in Wisconsin politics are ambitious, are arbitrary and diligent in the management of machines; they have been endured, even encouraged and utilized, for such men can be useful. La Follette is opposed because he has set himself against great railroad corporations and the subtle machinery which best serves such.

The power of the unscrupulous "spell-binder" is largely gone; the demagogue in American politics has had his day; now the foe of democracy, the menace of republicanism, lies in the political "barrel." Not that votes are bought and sold after the old regime—the Australian ballot has made that method too difficult and troublesome. How, then, is the money used? Where did the money go? We doubt if Senator Spooner himself can answer this question in regard to the Wisconsin investments which he admits. He himself is too able a statesman, too astute a philosopher, too wise and too honorable a man to be admitted into the confidences of the Wisconsin "barrel"-makers. Indeed, they have too high an estimate of his value and of those he directly represented to burden him or threaten their own plans by confiding to him the problem of administering the "barrel." There is no more valuable work rendered to republicanism in America today than the work that is represented by such honest investigators as Lincoln Steffens, Walter Wellman and their associates. If these men can give us the natural history of the "barrel" in politics in detail, trace its rise, and indicate the destiny of its contents, they will immeasurably promote the integrity of our nation and the sanity of our citizens.

The Brave Little Man.

Little and old and poorly clad,
He sat in the car that was outward bound;
His back was curved, but his smile was glad
As if, forgetting the ill he had,
He thought of some pleasure newly found.

Nature had bowed him down, in scorn
Had bent his body and spoiled his chance;
Doubtless his mother had learned to mourn
On the day that her luckless son was born,
But the glory of hope was in his glance.

Little old man, with the curving spine,
I saw the smile on your hopeful face,
And what are such poor little woes as mine
That I should ever again repine
Or think of the world as a cheerless place?

—*S. E. Kiser.*

THE PULPIT.

A Great Patriot: George Frisbie Hoar.

SERMON PREACHED IN UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY, OCT. 9, 1904, BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!
John 1:47

I propose to take this Sunday morning hour to celebrate in your presence the character of the late Senator Hoar. He was not a citizen of Minnesota, but of Massachusetts, and our local press has given but scant space to his passing. Nevertheless, he was dear to us here, as one of our household of faith. He lived a long and laborious life, and died a peaceful and beautiful death, as a Unitarian. From young manhood he was a regular attendant upon churches of our faith; at Concord, his birthplace and ancestral home, at Worcester, the home of his maturity, and at Washington, the home of his official life. For eight years he was President of the National Unitarian Conference, and reaffirmed, in the addresses which he made in that capacity, his loyalty to the principles and beliefs in which he was brought up. He was not only faithful in word, but more faithful, if that could be, in deed. He practised in his daily dealings with men and affairs, through a busy lifetime of political activity, what he heard preached from Unitarian pulpits as truth. Thus he won the character which to us is itself his eternal salvation. We raise him, now that he is gone, with reverent regard, into that company of high exemplars of our principles whom we delight to honor.

George Frisbie Hoar was born in 1826, at Concord, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College and the Harvard Law School, but had not been long at the bar before he was drawn into political life, serving brief terms in both houses of the Massachusetts legislature. Then for some twenty years he quietly practised his profession, but seldom holding public office, until in 1869 he was elected to Congress. He represented his district for eight years in the lower house, and in 1877, at the age of fifty-one, was made senator, succeeding George S. Boutwell, who still lives at an advanced old age. Senator Hoar was four times re-elected, serving in the Senate without a break for twenty-seven years, and only laying down the position with his life. Such is the simple outline of his career, as simple as the man himself. We are not here concerned with the outward facts in detail, so much as with the man whose character they so often illuminate.

He came of a family that has given other noble sons to the public service. His father was that Samuel Hoar of Concord to whom Emerson devotes one of his biographical sketches. The elder Hoar was the emissary from Massachusetts sent by the legislature to South Carolina in 1844 to plead in the courts against the laws of that state imprisoning free negroes. His errand caused intense excitement at Charleston, where he landed, and when a mob finally gathered he was forcibly put on board ship and sent home. Emerson says of him that "whilst staying in Charleston . . . he was repeatedly warned that it was not safe for him to appear in public, or to take his daily walk, as he had done, unattended by his friends, in the streets of the city." His reply was that "he was old and his life was not worth much, but he had rather the boys should troll his old head like a foot-ball in the streets than that he should hide it. And he con-

tinued the uniform practice of his daily walk into all parts of the city. But when the mob of Charleston was assembled in the streets before his hotel, and a deputation of gentlemen waited upon him in the hall to say they had come with the unanimous voice of the state to remove him by force, and the carriage was at the door, he considered his duty discharged to the last point of possibility. The force was apparent and irresistible; the legal officer's part was up; it was now time for the military officer to be sent; and he said, 'Well, gentlemen, since it is your pleasure to use force, I must go.' But his opinion was unchanged." Something of that spirit, as we shall see, survived in his younger son, who in other respects must have much resembled his father.

An older brother, E. Rockwood Hoar, was long the "Judge Hoar" of Concord, as has father had been "Squire Hoar" before him. He was Attorney General of the United States in the cabinet of Grant, and performed other distinguished services in his time. Of his two sons, Samuel, the older, after rising to a large place as a lawyer in important cases, and to wide influence in many public and semi-public positions, has just died, to the inestimable loss of his native town and state; while Sherman, the younger, after a brilliant start in politics and in his profession of law, sacrificed his life for the comfort of the Massachusetts volunteers in southern camps during the war with Spain, and fell in his early prime. It was of this nephew that Senator Hoar, but without naming him, spoke in his remarks at the opening of the National Unitarian Conference at Washington in 1899. He was naming over some of those whom our little body of churches has sent into their country's service, and he said, "As I stand here on this occasion, my heart is full of one memory,"—it was a recent memory then—"of one who loved our Unitarian faith with the whole fervor of his soul, who in his glorious prime, possessing everything which could make life happy and precious, the love of wife and children and friends, the joy of professional success, the favor of his fellow-citizens, the fulness of health, the consciousness of high talent, heard the voice of the Lord speaking from the fever-haunted hospital and the tropical swamp, and the evening dews and damps, saying, 'Where is the messenger that will take his life in his hand, that I may send him to carry health to my stricken soldiers and sailors?' When the Lord said, 'Whom shall I send?' he answered, 'Here am I: send me.'"

I mention these things that we may feel again that family means something, even in democratic America. A man cannot come of a family such as this without being one of nature's noblemen. In his "Autobiography" Senator Hoar says of his mother, who was the daughter of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, that she was the most perfect democrat, in the best sense of the word, that he ever knew. "If she were in the company of a queen, it would never have occurred to her that they did not meet as equals. And, if the queen were a woman of sense, and knew her, it would never occur to the queen." Such was Senator Hoar himself, a man of entire simplicity, without show or ostentation, without pride of birth or place, asking no favors of anyone, steadfastly doing his duty as he saw it from day to day, and only gradually coming into the place of honor and reverence in the minds of all thoughtful Americans which at last he attained. It is not needful to suggest that he was a perfect man. Pure and clean of life and thought from his youth, he has yet been held narrow in his sympathies and harsh in some of his judgments by his contemporaries. In early manhood he joined the Republican party, and never lost, through many changes of personal and party fortune, his loyalty and enthusiasm for the party leaders and principles adopted in his youth. He could see little or no good, indeed, outside his party, and was unsparing in his scorn of the independents or mugwumps, of whom, none the less, his nephew, Sherman Hoar, was one of the most prominent. Even in recent times, when his opposition to the drift of party policy rose to the height of moral passion, still he had no faith in any other power than the Republican party to save the country from what he believed to be apostasy from the principles of its founders and preservers and all its inspired prophets. This intense partisanship often made him vote in the end for measures against which he had launched the full vigor of his speech, and thus he seemed to many inconsistent. All the more heroic must we call the action by which finally, in obedience to conscience alone, he voted as well as passionately protested against the measures making the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands a subject instead of, as he believed they were and of right ought to be, a free people.

In appearance, in his later years, Senator Hoar was singularly lovely and venerable. His face had in it something of Quaker benignity and calm. I imagine that the aged Franklin may have had the same expression. He was of a statelier race than that which walks our streets today—less hurried, less deeply sunk in the things of the visible world, while not less zealous for the advancement of mankind along all those lines where experience declares that advance can be wisely and safely made. As a public servant he was an indefatigable worker. He matured slowly, and less by reason of native brilliancy than by a power of tireless application by which the whole man was given to the work or the problem in hand. He was always the statesman, never the mere politician. He never had to seek an office, but rather the office sought him. Once elected, he gave his strength not merely to the service of his constituency but as much to the honor and progress of his country. His mind was of generous mould, and as the years went on it became stored with the treasures of history, oratory, poetry and prose literature. He was our "old man eloquent." Never employing mere ornament, but always approaching his subject on the ground level, as his farmer ancestors had done, he rose with it, by the native dignity and nobility of his mind, until it became clothed upon with beauty and with power. The fragrant blossoms of rhythmic speech, in poetry or prose, often floated upon the current of his discourse, reminding us of the orators of earlier and less hurried days. But he never wavered from the point, or stopped until he had driven his conclusion home to its mark. His words were like winged arrows, beautiful in their flight and sure of their resting place.

As a lawyer, after once his reputation was secure, it is probable that he could have made thousands of dollars annually by serving corporate interests where his income as senator gained him only hundreds. He lived and died comparatively a poor man. It is said that he declined the office of ambassador to England, which he would richly have adorned, because he could not afford the expense that the niggardliness of the government requires of its envoy in London. This is an aspect of his career that we shall do well not to forget. The future age that points to the relative barbarity of ours,—as we in

our conceit point to the ages before we came,—will need reminding that, although we did produce the iniquities of corporate greed, and the corruptions of government in most of our large cities, and the prostitution of public law and safety in certain sections to the false pride of race, and the other current sins against our better ideals, still we had offsets for all these, among which such a life as Senator Hoar's is assuredly to be named, as well as many more.

The simplicity that attended him elsewhere entered into and decided the nature of his religious beliefs. It must have been of him, and no other, that one of his colleagues once said he knew a senator of the United States who nightly knelt to say the Lord's prayer to his Father in heaven, like a little child. For so childlike of heart he was. I wish that it were possible for me to quote to you entire his address at the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1894, upon assuming the chair as President. It is full of a breadth of charity that not all our Conference addresses attain and keep. It breathes the warmest sympathy toward all forms of faith whatsoever. It deprecates the continuance of theological discussion, along the old dividing lines, and calls for greater emphasis upon the central things by which we all stand united. It insists upon the importance of preaching righteousness, not dogma, the fortifying of the heart and will of the hearers week by week to resist temptation, and the setting forth of whatever is pure and lovely and of good report in character, for the emulation of young and old alike. The great verities of religion and morality to this nobly childlike soul were the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount and the commandments in which the whole law and prophets are fulfilled. His religion and his patriotism were fed from the same roots. As he revered the abiding principles of the Christian faith, so he also stood fast upon the rock of republican liberty laid bare in the wilderness of the new world by the toil and sacrifice of the fathers of our country. The man of God and the patriot were one and the same man. His religion was for week-days, as well as for Sundays, and it was a religion whose faith realized itself continually in action. "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Jesus is reported in John's Gospel to have said in greeting Nathaniel. Our Nathaniel was this man whose pure memory we reverence here today. Of him too we may repeat some more of the precious words that Emerson recited of his father. "The strength and beauty of the man lay in the natural goodness and justice of his mind, which, in manhood and old age, after dealing all his life with weighty private and public interests, left an infantile innocence, of which we have no second or third example,—the strength of a chief united to the modesty of a child. He returned from courts or congresses to sit down, with unaltered humility, in the church or in the town-house, on the plain wooden bench where honor came and sat down beside him." If Emerson had lived till now, he would have stricken out the words, "of which we have no second or third example." The second example of what our great New England seer saw and admired in his fellow-townsman, Squire Hoar, we have seen and a nation honors in the Senator his son. Where to look for the third example I do not know. But one can only come when, out of such a heritage of American manhood as was his, there appears another equally true and noble hearted man.

The conspicuous thing about Senator Hoar's political career,—which cannot be ignored, as some of our timid speakers would ignore it, without leaving Hamlet out of the play,—was its splendid integrity. I said that he never sought either office or the rewards of public service. In a senate which has come to include many men whose only passport through its doors has been their wealth, he was a man of high thought, of patriotic motive, of unchallenged rectitude in all his dealings. Severe at times as have been the criticisms on his course, never the faintest breath of base suspicion has sullied his fame. No lower motive has been imputed, or could possibly have been imputed, than lofty patriotism. His opponents, in and out of Congress, have added their sometimes grudging meed of praise to the great chorus that has of late resounded in his honor. Nothing but praise of his purposes was to be spoken. In an age of compromises, with material prosperity, with political power, with old selfinterest in its myraid forms, this man was uncompromising. He bowed to no dictate save that of conscience. Not even the mandate of party, not of that party which he loved next to his own life, could bend him when his conscience spoke its solemn Nay. It is a great sight for our eyes to have seen. It is a glorious figure for our age, which will have so much to answer for at the stern bar of history, to send down into the future. Among the politicians, here was a statesman indeed. Among the shifty, here was one who stood like a rock. Among the crowd with their ears to the ground, listening only to the wishes of their constituents, here was one who, while he did not neglect the district that had elected him, still served first the land he loved and the God he worshipped.

When we remember what American politics have been; what to a great degree they still are, a stench in the nostrils of the world, let us remember that in a long lifetime of political activity, of an intensely partisan kind, this man stood four-square to all the winds of policy, like a house that is builded upon the rock. In thinking of his life, I have been turning to that famous discourse in which Theodore Parker, standing up in the midst of a draped and mourning Boston, bravely told the naked truth and made his terrible deductions from the Olympian fame of Daniel Webster. Here was another New England senator, in no less trying times, but with the law of God in his heart and the divine commandment written upon his forehead, and he faltered not. Here there are no deductions to be made. To him we may apply still other golden words of Emerson, those in which, in his Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1834, the rising poet greeted Webster, then the grand hero of New England, and not yet fallen before the voices of ambition into that great depth in which we see him engulfed in Whittier's "Ichabod," the lost leader. This was written of the younger Webster, and it rings true of Senator Hoar to the very end.

> He, when the rising storm of party roared,
> Brought his great forehead to the council board,
> There, while hot heads perplexed with fear the state,
> Calm as the morn the manly patriot sate;
> Seemed, when at last his clarion accents broke
> As if the conscience of the country spoke.
> Not on its base Monadnoc surer stood,
> Than he to common sense and common good:
> No mimic; from his breast his counsel drew,
> Believed the eloquent was aye the true;
> He bridged the gulf from th' alway good and wise
> To that within the vision of small eyes.
> Self-centred; when he launched the genuine word
> It shook or captivated all who heard,
> Ran from his mouth to mountains and the sea,
> And burned in noble hearts proverb and prophecy.

I am perfectly aware that part of this, when applied to Senator Hoar, must seem to some of you excessive praise. But I should not be telling the

whole truth, as it appears to me, if I did not go further yet. I have entitled him, in beginning my sermon, a great patriot. So I devoutly believe he was, and so he is now universally admitted to have been, even by his most partisan enemies. But let us not forget that within six years of his death he was branded by editors and speakers of his own party and by the political gossip of the country a traitor. How the searing epithet burned into his very soul may be partially guessed by the few speeches in which he barely alluded to it. Not that even such rank ingratitude from his countrymen staggered him in the least. Like his father, with the Charleston mob howling beneath the windows, his judgment was unchanged, his heart beat just as sure. But the experience saddened him, even if he could account himself of the company,—as he said in one of his great speeches in the Senate,—of Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Sumner, Lincoln, and the heroes of our whole past. In the Washington Conference address from which I have already quoted, he referred, among the other examples of devotion to ideal aims that our churches could furnish, to "examples of the patriotism that will give its life for its country when in the right, and the patriotism that will make itself of no reputation, if need be, to save its country from being in the wrong." To make himself of no reputation, this was the patriotism of Senator Hoar, when he stood against the will of his party for what to him was sacred principle, and then voted as he spoke. I have no desire to resurrect the issue, to adorn my tale, and there is the less need of doing so, now that the great party in whose hands the destiny of our country for the present remains has put forward so greatly modified views in regard to the future of the Philippines. The rampant commercialism that five and six years ago was prating of "mountains of iron and nuggets of gold," the self-seeking statesmanship that was prepared to guide itself solely by "our interests" in the islands, have given place to words of soberness like those of Secretary Taft and Secretary Root, suggesting that independence for the islands may reasonably be expected to follow the years of our tutelage, though not promising, as may be wise, when full independence can be granted the Filipinos.

As one of the few that followed the lead of Senator Hoar on the Philippine question, I am not dissatisfied with these promises. The change of tone that they denote, coming as soon as this, is his sufficient justification. He may have been too much of an idealist, he may have failed to realize, as many of us did until we read of the Philippine exhibit at St. Louis, how various in their stages of culture and degrees of civilization are the island tribes and peoples. But his main contention—that if it were to be true to itself, this nation must in the end conclude to give the island people their liberty,—I think no far-sighted and patriotic American would now dispute. So soon does the wheel of time bring around some of its revenges. And it is my belief, that, when the wonderful history of these recent years has been written, in the far future, by some more widely comprehending mind than any of ours, the figure of that gentle, white-haired man, of Puritan ancestry, standing up in the senate of the mightiest people upon earth to plead for righteousness and justice to be done to a few millions of remote, half-barbaric islanders across the Pacific seas,—using the whole range of his knowledge, his power of passionate statement, his devotion to the principles of the past, his sure confidence in God and right in the present, yet speaking as it seemed in vain to a half-scornful people, for the time being drunk with the lust of power,—that, I say, will be, in its pure moral grandeur, among the greatest figures of our time. The two speeches of Senator Hoar, the one of April, 1900, in denial of the right of the government of the United States, under the Constitution, to hold the Philippine Islands as a subject state, and the other, of May, 1902, entitled "The Attempt to Subjugate a People striving for Freedom, not the American Soldier, responsible for the Cruelties in the Philippines,"—these two, and of these preëminently the last, are almost the only utterances since the Civil War fit to rank with the greatest orations of our history. They still reflect too sharply upon our "fluent men of place and consequence" to be put, as Webster's speeches were, and Lincoln's, into the school readers, for every boy and girl in America to learn. But some day they will be found there, with the older classics, as a part of the manual of patriotism. Then it may be recalled how the patriotism of self-interest rebuked this larger patriotism of unselfishness for which the stars contend in their courses, by calling it treachery. And out of it all,—at length, at length,—will come for that future America a surer insight into the everlasting truth that international justice and good-will, not slaughter and oppression, alone accord with the will of that God who rules in heaven and on earth.

The man with whom we have been spending this hour together felt that his justification would come, though there must have been a period when he could not have expected within his lifetime to see the day so near its dawning. One thing which he said, at the end of his greatest speech, shows the faith that was in him. "The hours are long in the life of a great people." Yes, they are long! Long enough, in the swift movement of this vast nation, with its quickness of thought, and its sincere desire, deep down, to be in the right, long enough for that right to get itself slowly and surely done. But to the monitors of our better selves, to the reminders of our faithful past, to the prophesiers amid dark days of our nobler destiny, let us give thanks, even when we mix with them our tears!

I shall have quite utterly failed of my purpose if I have unwittingly stirred in any one of you today the pulse of partisan feeling. I do not call this preaching politics, this dealing not with the fortunes of candidates but with the concerns of right and wrong that make a nation despicable or noble. Or, if it is preaching politics, it is the preaching of politics that our city and state and nation deeply need to hear. One of our papers, speaking with guarded praise of Senator Hoar, regretted that of late he could not rise to the spirit of Lowell's lines,

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth."

But surely the editor forgot that while the ancient good of policy may change, the ancient good of principle only abides the firmer in its rest on right and God. This was a man who stood by principle alone. So he shall stand, when the magnates and the fighters and the presidents of lesser breed shall be forgotten all but in name alone. Do not Lowell's great words of Lincoln here apply also?

> Safe in himself as in a fate,—
> So always firmly he:
> He knew to bide his time,
> And can his fame abide,
> Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
> Till the wise years decide.
> Great captains, with their guns and drums,
> Disturb our judgment for the hour,
> But at last silence comes;
> These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
> The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.

There, in the "God's acre" of Concord, called

Sleepy Hollow, where in the early October days they laid him, and in the same lot where he was laid, is an inscription of rare and revealing beauty over the tomb of that father, so many of whose traits we have been finding in the son. It is from "Pilgrim's Progress," and relates the passing of another Christian soul into the land of eternal promise.

The pilgrim they laid in a chamber
Whose windows opened toward the sunrising;
The name of the chamber was Peace.
There he lay till break of day, and then
He arose and sang.

So, in the peace of a good conscience and a certain hope, lay down this pilgrim of our latter day. And his deeds still sing for him, and will sing, now that he seems for the moment to be gone.

A Negro's Creed.

I believe in God who made of one blood all races that dwell on earth.

I believe that all men, black and brown and white, are brothers, varying, through Time and Opportunity, in form and gift and feature, but differing in no essential particular, and alike in soul and in the possibility of infinite development.

Especially do I believe in the Negro race; in the beauty of its genius, the sweetness of its soul, and its strength in that meekness which shall yet inherit this turbulent earth.

I believe in pride of race and lineage and self; in pride of self so deep as to scorn injustice to other selves; in pride of lineage so great as to despise no man's father; in pride of race so chivalrous as neither to offer bastardy to the weak nor beg wedlock of the strong, knowing that men may be brothers in Christ, even though they be not brothers-in-law.

I believe in Service—humble, reverent service, from the blackening of boots to the whitening of souls; for Work is Heaven, Idleness Hell, and Wage is the "Well done!" of the Master who summoned all them that labor and are heavy laden, making no distinction between the black sweating cotton-hands of Georgia and the First Families of Virginia, since all distinction not based on deed is devilish and not divine.

I believe in the devil and his angels, who wantonly work to narrow the opportunity of struggling human beings, especially if they be black; who spit in the faces of the fallen, strike them that cannot strike again, believe the worst and work to prove it, hating the image which their Maker stamped on a brother's soul.

I believe in the Prince of Peace. I believe that War is Murder. I believe that armies and navies are at bottom the tinsel and braggadocio of oppression and wrong; and I believe that the wicked conquest of weaker and darker nations by nations whiter and stronger but foreshadows the death of that strength.

I believe in liberty for all men; the space to stretch their arms and their souls; the right to breathe and the right to vote, the freedom to choose their friends, enjoy the sunshine and ride on the railroads, uncursed by color; thinking, dreaming, working as they will in a kingdom of God and love.

I believe in the training of children, black even as white; the leading out of little souls into the green pastures and beside the still waters, not for pelf or peace, but for Life lit by some large vision of beauty and goodness and truth; lest we forget, and the sons of the fathers, like Esau, for mere meat barter their birthright in a mighty nation.

Finally, I believe in Patience—patience with the weakness of the Weak and the strength of the Strong, the prejudice of the Ignorant and the ignorance of the Blind; patience with the tardy triumph of Joy and the mad chastening of Sorrow—patience with God.—*W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Reprinted from Independent of Oct. 6.*

"The Secret of Jesus."

By Benjamin Fay Mills.

IV.

RESIST NOT EVIL.

All evils consist in an imperfect apprehension of the facts of life, a mistaken attitude of mind towards human experience, and a consequent unsatisfactory conduct. Any one who understands and practices the principle that makes this statement of Jesus reasonable, will not only have learned his personal secret, but will be free of the universe.

I. Apparent evil is not evil in its essence. It must be that beneath the surface all that can exist is good, and needs no resistance. If there be a God, then as the theologians teach, all originally came from him, and he must now be latent in all that exists. The religious man answers the question, "Before anything was, what was there?" by saying, "In the beginning, God." He believes that in some way God spun the universe out of himself. All the creeds of all the great religions teach the omnipresence of God. What do they mean by this? The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews says, in addressing the deity, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil." Let a man be pure in heart, that is, unadulterated in thought and word and deed, and he will see and behold God in every object and individual and experience of life. Beneath what seems repulsive to us, there must be a deeper depth where reason reigns. We may profess to believe in the spiritual constitution of the universe, but most of us do not speak to the spirit in men and in things, but rather to that which is illusory and deceptive. The force of the injunction, "Resist not evil," will be apprehended only through the perception of unity everywhere, the absolutely trustful attitude of mind that does not shrink from, but welcomes all the hard experiences of life, and the resolute conduct that leads a man to agree with his adversary quickly, while he is the way with him.

This life is a great game, in the satisfactory playing of which it is essential that we should have adversaries almost but not quite so well equipped as we. The universe is the unfolding of a drama, the purport of which can be seen clearly in the development of the greatest human souls. The reward for acting one's part well even though it be a minor part, is promotion to a higher position, and, beyond that, to be taken into partnership with the manager of the performance, and finally to be able to write the play ourselves.

II. Evil is not in things, conditions, events or men.

1. It is not in things.

"In the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway, something sings."

Ruskin beautifully points out to us this truth in what he says concerning the clay and sand and soot. Under the skill of man, the clay will become porcelain, and may be printed upon and placed in the king's palace; then again it may become hard and clear and white, and have the power of drawing to itself the blue and the red, the green and the purple rays of the sunlight, and become an opal. The sand will become very hard and white, and have the power of drawing to itself the blue rays of the sunlight, and become a sapphire. The soot will become the hardest and whitest substance known, and be changed into a diamond.

2. Evil is not in conditions. All the good of human conditions is relative. The crust despised by one man is the bread of life to another. There are no circumstances so hard but that similar conditions have been glorified by the faith of some great soul.

3. Evil is not in events. "All that can possibly happen anywhere at any time is provided for in the in-

herencies of things," when met by a confident spirit. "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on." Through all the hardest experiences of life, the non-resistant man may truly say, *In all these things I am more than a conqueror.* They are meant only to serve as gymnastic apparatus for our mental and moral development.

4. Evil is not in actions in themselves. A man may write his name aided by the same light, with the same pen, with the same ink, on the same sort of paper, in one case for the most benevolent purpose, and in the other, with the utmost malevolent intent. The difference between work and play is not in what men do, but the spirit in which they do it. Whitman is right when he says, "I say in fact that there is no evil, or if there is, it is just as important to you and me as anything else."

5. Evil is not in men. What seems evil to the sufferer seems good to the aggressor. The thief does not steal because he wishes to do wrong, and the murderer does not kill because the murder seems an evil thing to him. The thief believes that his wants should be supplied. He may not know what his true wants are, and he certainly takes a wrong method to supply them, but the immediate purpose of the thief is not wrong, but right, from his viewpoint. The murderer sees in his way an obstacle that he believes ought to be removed. He is right in thinking that every obstacle in his path either should be removed or overcome. It may be that this man who offends him is not a real obstacle, but he does not know that. It is certainly true that he cannot remove the obstacle by violence, but he cannot perceive this; and when he kills the one who offends him, he does it, not because he wants to do wrong, but because, however mistaken he may be in his judgment, he wants to do right. These considerations do not at all lessen moral responsibility; if anything, they increase it. They simply point out the seat of moral accountability as resting in the understanding and the conscience, and depending upon the measure of a man's enlightenment. This is one reason why no man is fitted to judge another, because he cannot estimate what really moves the other, unless he can look with the other's eyes and see what appears to him to be good.

III. We cannot overcome evil with evil, but we can overcome evil only with good.

This means, by non-resistance and the positive manifestation of confidence and love. This is true of

1. Physical evil. The physicians all over the civilized world tell their patients that what they need is not medicine, but hygiene. What they mean by this, is that, instead of the violent attempt to fight disease with substances supposed to be antagonistic to it, healing may be wrought only by a cheerful co-operation with the great vital laws of nature which are always working toward restoration and perfect health. There is no physical poison deadlier than the spirit of resistance, in its effect upon the physical health. Anger, fear, distrust and all forms of anxiety are the essential supporters of disease.

2. Mental trouble. The attitude of trust would banish all forms of mental unrest. Job says, "I feared a fear, and it came upon me." All fear and anxiety are the mental resistance of evil.

I am inclined to think that even a large portion of insanity would be entirely cured if we could get the subjects to cultivate a cheerful and confident and trustful spirit. I have read a well-authenticated account of the village of Gheel in Belgium, where for generations it has been the one occupation of the residents to care, in a thoroughly kindly fashion, for the insane. Lunatics are brought there by thousands, and it is said that a far larger proportion are discharged as restored to sanity than from any other similar place in the world. The residents of this community are trained by the physicians to humor the patients, whom they entertain in their individual homes, to the fullest possible extent. They are taught not to resist the desires of their charges, except when the fulfillment of them would work immediate harm, and even in that case, not to enter into any argument nor to use force, but to divert the mind of the patient by leading him to do something which he would prefer.

An illustration was given in the account which I read, of a so-called violent lunatic who was brought to Gheel and given into the charge of a young married woman, whose ancestors for several generations had been engaged in this same sort of service. Upon coming into the house, the visitor immediately took a fancy to the baby of his host. Shortly after his arrival, this woman heard sounds of a violent commotion in the room of the insane man and hurrying thither with her child in her arms, and opening the door, she found that her patient had worked himself into a great rage; with some terrible imprecation, he rushed toward her, lifting up a heavy water pitcher in his hand, and exclaiming that he was about to kill her. Instead of manifesting any alarm or endeavoring to leave the room, she stepped toward him with a smile, held out the infant, and said, "Here, take the baby"! The lunatic dropped the water pitcher and took the child in his arms, whereupon the mother quietly turned and left the room, and when, after some minutes, she returned, she found him sitting on the floor, playing with the child, clothed and in his right mind.

3. Moral delinquency. I am aware that the question will naturally be asked as to whether we should not resist moral evil, when its commission is suggested to ourselves. We are told that we ought to resist the devil in order that he may flee from us. Of course there is a sense in which this is vitally true, but there is another sense in which all who have ever been successful in living truly moral lives, have learned that the power of resisting evil does not consist in violent action, but rather in that quiet and fearless retirement into the recesses of one's own nature, where we may always find the divine wisdom and power and purity that makes evil an impossibility. The old hymn used to tell us that

> "Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees;"

and, in the language of what in our modern times is called *The New Thought,* we learn the value of "entering into the silence" as a remedy for all the distresses and confusions and even the sins of life.

It is by the practice of this principle also that we can alone overcome resentment and malice in others. If a man strikes you and you return the blow, what have you done? In each one of us there seems to reside a sac of poison; and if you strike a man who has struck you, you add to his anger, and cause this sac to be broken, and the poison thoroughly spattered throughout his whole nature; while it is also a fact that the very act on your part, by which you resent and resist the injury, causes your poison sac to be broken, and you also to suffer, even as the man whom you are trying to injure.

I knew of a minister who was to preach one evening in a certain city, and during the afternoon, as he passed along the street, he heard some shrieks and cries for help from a dwelling. Pushing open the door and entering, he saw a great brutal, partially intoxicated young man with his hand uplifted, evidently about to strike his defenseless mother and sister. The intruder immediately pressed in between him and his victims, and said to him very gently, "I think you will be sorry, sir, if you strike those women." With an oath, the bully let the blow fall upon the

head of the man who was thus gently interfering, and knocked him down. He said that, as he fell, he thought of the word of Jesus, "If a man strike you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," and, rising up, he literally fulfilled the injunction, turning the other side of his face toward the man who had struck him, and saying pleasantly, "You may hit me again, if you wish to."

Now, it is my belief that under such conditions, not one man in ten million could have hit him, but this man in the unreason of his rage and his partial intoxication was the one exception, and, for the second time, he knocked him down. The minister said that as he fell, the thought occurred to him, "Now, I have done what Jesus said, and turned the other cheek, and I think I may as well get up and give this fellow a good lesson," and his muscles grew strong with the memory of the old days when he had been noted for his athletic prowess. Suppose he had risen with this impulse and knocked down the brutal young man, what lesson would he have taught him? Nothing, except to increase in him the spirit of malevolence and his conviction that the appeal to violence was the way for one to fulfill his ambition.

There came to the mind of this man a better thought, that what he needed to do, was, not to do what Jesus said, but to manifest the spirit that would make such an injunction reasonable; and so, rising for the second time, he stood before the one who had injured him, and said, with a smile, "You may hit me again, if you wish to." The enraged young man lifted his hand to strike for the third time, but he could not bring it down; his fist was clenched, and there came upon him a strange catalepsy, which held his arm rigid above his head. After vainly struggling for a few moments to effect his purpose, there suddenly came a relaxation of his hand and arm, his arm dropped by his side, his head fell upon his breast and, with a wild outcry, he rushed from the house. That evening as the minister was delivering his sermon, right in the middle of the address, this man rose up in the middle of the church, and coming hurriedly toward the front, cast himself upon his knees and said with sobs, "Minister, I have been a very wicked man, but now if you will tell me how to be good, I will try my best."

I have not the slightest question that the practice of this principle would work under all conditions, even among those who are regarded as the most unreasonable and depraved men. In fact we are having a remarkable object lesson along this line presented to us in connection with the administration of the Cook County Jail in Chicago, where those who are regarded as the worst criminals in America are confined, to the number of six or seven hundred. For several years now, the jailer, John L. Whitman, has administered this prison on the principles of kindness and confidence in the men, and as a result no exercise of force is ever required in the prison. What discipline is necessary is practically administered by the moral influence of the prisoners themselves. They organized among themselves what is called the John L. Whitman Moral Improvement Association, and all but a comparatively small percentage of them who spend any length of time in this jail, go out with new purposes in their hearts, which in a great many cases are realized in honorable and useful lives.

I asked Mr. Whitman if he did not ever have to use force with people who were crazy or intoxicated when first brought in, and he said that whenever this was necessary, it was exercised in precisely the same way as would be done in a first class hospital, and that as soon as the violent person came to himself, he seemed to get a new spirit, and to be touched by the atmosphere existing in the institution. Last year when I first saw Mr. Whitman, I asked him to tell me how he had handled the most violent case that had come under his observation, and after thinking a minute, he said:

"I think this was the case of a burly negro who had been noted for savagery. One day a messenger came to my office and said that this man was wild with rage, and was fighting on the balcony of one of the tiers with four of the guards, and trying to throw them down four stories, onto the stone pavement of the yard below. I immediately went into the corridor. As I did so, endeavoring to become perfectly quiet in my mind, and without any outward sign of agitation, I walked up the three flights of iron stairs, and along this narrow balcony, to where this huge negro was struggling with the guard in his endeavor to kill them. As I came near to them, I said, as quietly as I possibly could, 'Take your hands off from this prisoner. I want to speak with him. I want him to understand that if anything is wrong about the prison, I will set it right, that he can get perfect justice and kindness if he will talk with me reasonably.' The men replied, 'Jailer, he will kill us and you, if we let go of him.' I said, 'No, he won't; take off your hands!' By that time I had reached the place where the struggle was going on, and managed to put my hand upon the negro's shoulder, and ran it quietly down his arm until I got hold of his hand. I then said again to the men, 'Take off your hands,' and they at last obeyed me. I then said to the prisoner, 'Look in my eye—I am your friend; I don't know what this trouble is, but you evidently think that something is wrong, and is being done as it ought not to be done. I promise you that if there is anything wrong about this prison, or you have been unjustly injured in any way, I will make it right. You are not in condition just now to hold a conversation with me, but if you will come with me and become quiet, just as soon as you get control of yourself I will talk the matter over with you, and if you will tell me what the difficulty is, and there is any way that I can straighten it out, I shall be glad to do it. Will you come?' He hesitated a minute, and said, 'Where do you want to take me?' I answered quietly, 'Down to the solitary.' After another minute's hesitation, he said, 'All right, I will go.' I walked on before him, and he followed after me, quietly and without any compulsion, while we went downstairs to the solitary cell. I went in with him, and said to him, 'Now I am going to leave you here for five or ten minutes; when I come back, I think you will be perfectly quiet in your mind, and be able to tell me plainly what you think the trouble is.' I then locked the door and left him, and when I went back a few minutes later, I found him sitting there very calmly, and he said to me, 'Jailer, there isn't any trouble except what is in me. I have been thinking it over, and I see that I was entirely wrong, and you will never have any more trouble with me.' I said to him, 'If that is so, I shall not try to keep you in this cell any longer,' and let him go out in the corridor among the other prisoners, and from that day he was one of the best behaved prisoners that we have ever had in this jail."

I believe that this principle would also work in the largest scope in organized society. Shelley has a poem in which he suggests what he thinks would be the duty of a people who were grievously oppressed and who desired to practice this principle.

"Let a vast assembly be
And, with great solemnity,
Declare, with measured words, that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free.
Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
And wide as targes let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

And, if then the tyrants dare
Let them ride among you there;
Slash and stab and maim and hew:
What they like that let them do.
With folded arms and steady eyes
And little fear and less surprise,
Look upon them as they slay
Till their rage has died away.
And that slaughter, to the nation,
Shall steam up like inspiration,
Eloquent, oracular;
A volcano heard afar."

I believe that the first nation, great or small, that will expend its substance for the assistance of other nations, but not one dollar for conquest or revenge, that literally will appeal to the highest reason rather than to the arbitrament of force, that, being struck upon one cheek will turn the other also and will prove the sincerity of its faith by its deeds, will be as a very Christ of God to the peoples of the earth, for the bearing away of the strife and confusions of men and bringing in the era of perpetual and permanent peace.

There are certain objections to the practice of this principle that are frequently heard.

First, that, not to resist evil is the act of a coward. I am not pleading for cowardice. I think that a man who believes that he ought to resent and resist injury, and does not do it because he is afraid, lives on the lowest plane; compared with whom, the man who vigorously resists every act that seems to him evil, has attained a high moral station; but I think there is a morality that is vastly beyond this, that requires a far higher courage.

As Monseigneur Welcome said: "There is one kind of bravery for a colonel of dragoons and another for the man of God; only our kind is quiet." Another objection is, that it is the duty of a man to defend himself. From one point of view, man has no such duty; from another, this is the way and the only way to defend himself. People sometimes say "How about a defenceless woman, attacked by a thoroughly unreasonable man? Ought she not to defend herself in every possible way?" Yes, she should; but the ordinary ways of defence would not have the slightest probability of effectiveness in such a case. In fact they would only add to the disaster which she feared about to come upon her. I read in a paper, the other day, about a woman who was attacked by a brutal man with a scythe in his hand, who threatened to kill her with the scythe, if she did not do what he desired. She looked at him with perfect fearlessness and kindness, and spoke to him so calmly that he entirely lost his desire for the fulfilment of his purpose. I believe that if any woman could stand without mistrust, without anxiety, without shadow of fear, in the presence of any so-called evil-minded person who was seeking to work a personal injury and that, if in addition to this, this individual could have a heart that was filled with sympathy and the sincere desire of selfless service—I believe that such an one would be securely protected from all injury; and that if this were not the case, then it would be better for the threatened one to suffer.

Some time ago Miss Jane Addams was conversing at the table at Hull House with some of her associates about the question as to what they would do if the home should be entered by burglars. Miss Addams said that she did not know exactly what she would do, but that she hoped that no one who came to that house would be treated by any inmate with anything but the greatest courtesy and kindness. A little later, she had the opportunity of putting her theory into practice. Two burglars did break in, in the middle of the night, and she heard them. Throwing on a wrapper, and taking a light in her hand, she went from her room to the head of the stairs, and saw two masked men coming up from the lower floor. She spoke to them with great calmness, and very pleasantly, saying, "Good evening, gentlemen, what can we do for you?" They seemed exceedingly embarrassed, stopped in their ascent, and said, "Nothing; nothing." "But," she said, "you must have wanted something or you would not have called upon us." "No," said they, "we don't want anything," and they turned and started down the stairs. She called after them, saying, "Wait a minute, and I will come down and open the door for you, if you feel that you must go," but they replied, "No, you needn't do that, we will go out the way we came in," and out they went through the window.

But some one will say that while we ought not to resent personal injury, it is our duty to others, who are being attacked, to defend them.

How can we best defend them? A little man about eighty years old said to me one day in a trembling voice, "But do you not think that if I saw a great brutal prize-fighter sort of a man beating a little boy, it would be my business to interfere and stop him?" I could not help smiling, as I said, "It seems to me. in such a case by physical violence. The probability is that the man would simply have delivered an extra blow that would have made at least a temporary finish of the intruder, and then gone on pounding the boy. If, instead of that, one should go up to the man and hold out the hand and speak to him very kindly, that might be sufficient to take away his rage; or, better yet, if one should say to him with a smile, "Would you just as soon hit me as to hit the boy?" that would in every probability be sufficient to destroy his anger; and if it were not, and he should accept the invitation, and strike the one who was intervening, then this one would suffer a genuine martyrdom, from which the best results might be anticipated.

"But," says another, "Are we not required to protect society?" A lad had thoughtlessly taken something which did not belong to him, and had pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny. I had asked the judge, for certain reasons known to me, to make the sentence as light as possible, when he replied, "I am here for the purpose of protecting society." To send a young man to one of the universities of crime, which we find in our ordinary prisons, for a trivial offence, would not be a helpful way to protect society. If the young man had gone to prison, there is every probability that he would have come out an enemy of society, all the rest of his life—to prey upon his fellows. As it was, the sentence was a light one, in the shape of a fine, and upon the fine being paid, the young man went to work and is now leading an honorable life, with the prospect of a satisfactory future.

Who protected society;—the policeman and the court that sent Jean Valjean to the galleys for stealing bread to feed the hungry children of his sister, whence he emerged nineteen years later, with the determination to make society pay dearly for his sufferings; or Bishop Myriel, who, by forgiving the crime against him, and acting to him the part of a Christ, transformed the convict and made him, to the end of his days, a benefactor of his fellows?

A few years ago, a Northern man was delivering a series of sermons in a Southern town. Some facts came to his notice concerning the conduct of some prominent citizens of the town, that greatly angered him. He took occasion, in a public address, to denounce these citizens with great severity, and unmeasured bitterness. The hot blood of those who were thus publicly criticized, was aroused, and some of them threatened to take the life of the preacher. Among these was an elderly judge and his four stalwart sons, who considered themselves especially aggrieved. The preacher, hearing of these threats, bought a revolver,

and went out into a field to practice its use. With him went a gentleman known to me, who said that after the preacher had practiced a while, he said to him, "My friend, do you think this is the way that Jesus would act, if his life were threatened under similar conditions?" The minister said "No," and after a little further thought, he took the revolver back to the store where he had procured it. That night, when he returned from the meeting which he had been addressing, and was sitting upon the piazza of his hotel, Judge S—— and his sons dragged him into the street, beat him severely, and possibly would have killed him, if he had not been resuced by some of the bystanders. He refused to make any complaint against those who attacked him; but they were arrested by the authorities, and as soon as the injured man was able to come into court, they were arranged for trial. When this gentleman was called on to give his testimony, as the first witness, he arose, and, addressing the presiding Judge, said, "Your Honor, may I say a word before I take my place on the witness stand?" Permission being given, he then said, "I desire, before bearing any testimony in this case, to say that I am heartily sorry for all that has occurred, on my part. I realize that I was wrong in the way that I said the things that caused Judge S—— and his sons to feel so aggrieved. I do not suppose one would deny that what I said was true, but I did not speak in the right spirit. I had no kindness and gentleness in my heart, and I was exceedingly unkind and bitter in my language; in fact I had felt somewhat personally aggrieved in the matter and was making use of my position in order that I might deal out vengeance. If I had not spoken in the way I did, I do not suppose that Judge S—— and his sons would have thought it necessary to attack me. If I have to give my testimony, I will do so, but I would rather not, if there is any way in which I may be excused; and before the trial goes on, I want to make this public statement and confession as emphatically as I can, to say that I am sorry for the way I injured these gentlemen, and to ask them publicly for their forgiveness."

He then went over where the old judge was seated, inside the bar, and held out his hand, and said, "Judge S——, will you forgive me for the bitter way I felt and spoke about you."

The old judge staggered to his feet, and with a choking voice said, "Forgive you? Forgive you?—I am the one who needs to be forgiven;" and almost before they knew it, these two supposed enemies had their arms around one another, and were mingling their tears. Some one commenced to sing the Doxology, and all the people in the court room stood up and joined in the singing. When they had taken their seats, the sheriff held up the indictments, and said, "Your Honor, what shall I do with these?"

The presiding judge said, "I don't think we will need them just now, and you may file them away for future reference."

Then the sheriff said,—and he was not a man professedly religious,—"Your Honor, if this could happen in every court room I believe that our courts would be changed into places of prayer, and our prisons into houses of praise."

Death.

Death is indeed a prospect strange.
A thing to dread for those who weep,
And yet each day we have like change,
We sleep and waken from the sleep!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

TACOMA, WASH.—The First Free Church of this place is once more girding itself to the work. The Rev. N. H. Nesbitt was inducted into the first new field on the 5th inst. UNITY sends its greetings to its friends who live in that favored town over which the great mountain with its peerless and endless crown of white ever presides, and who have found in Mr. Nesbitt a new leader and teacher.

A Liberal Doxology.

Praise God's eternal law of Good
Which makes the world a brotherhood,
Affirm that law each passing hour,
Reveal it in its Peace and Power.

Do first the deed which lies at hand,
Serve them that nearest to thee stand;
Thy brother's need thy earliest care,
Thy brother's good thy ceaseless prayer.

Deny thyself and back to thee
Shall come a blessing full and free;
Give; and thine erstwhile empty cup
From founts eternal shall fill up.

ELIZABETH BOOTH NESBITT.

Tacoma, Washington.

The Illinois Conference.

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Illinois Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies was held at Hinsdale, Ill., October 5 and 6.

On Wednesday afternoon the ministers of the Conference had an informal gathering at which each set forth his ideals of the minister's office and his methods of pursuing those ideals. It was a helpful meeting.

Wednesday evening was devoted to a platform meeting. Rev. Parker Stockdale of Aurora spoke of "The Religion of the 20th Century," holding that it will recognize the sacredness of all days and of every legitimate human interest; will accept frankly and fully the results of scientific research as parts of a progressive revelation; will be permeated by a sense of the Divine Immanence and by virtue of this will be more spiritual as well as more rational; and will be more dynamic, recognizing *Love* as the greatest thing in God or man and Love to God and man as the moving power and highest expression of practical religion.

Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford's topic was "The Religion of the Ages." We should aspire to membership in the Holy Catholic Church. Under various forms, with differing doctrines, in all ages men have reached out towards the larger life, have been dimly conscious of its dawning within themselves, have felt the touch of God. This is the Religion of the Ages, of whose permanent power creeds and rituals are but transient symbols and partial expressions. We are often much exercised about the particular forms and doctrines of our own day, but this underlying current, man's growing sense of "the larger life," which is one, of which he is a part, we need never be disturbed about. Its spread and growth can be no more hindered than the coming of spring. It is just as natural, just as inevitable. That religion is *natural*, that man's nature may be trusted, does not mean that man may give free rein to animal instincts. It is natural for man to climb, a part of the great world process. It is not natural

for man to go down into the brute life; it is natural for him to climb up into the Christ-life.

Thursday forenoon was given to Conference and Denominational matters. A brief address by the President, Mr. Pulsford, was followed by the reports of Secretary and Treasurer and the appointment of a Business Committee. At 11 o'clock Rev. W. M. Backus gave an address on "The Relation of the State Conference to the W. U. C. and to the A. U. A." He pointed out the looseness of the State organization and its lack of definite relation to the W. U. C. or to any other body; then called attention to the comparative ineffectiveness of the W. U. C. as a missionary body owing to the lack of funds for missionary work under its own administrative control. A brief discussion followed in which Mr. Backus was kept busy answering questions from the floor.

At 11:45 o'clock Mrs. E. N. Delano read a paper on "The Alliance Outlook," giving a well chosen picture, with due perspective and careful focussing, of the organization which is fast becoming the most important factor in our church life and missionary work, closing with a description of the local field and its call for more earnest cultivation. The discussion was participated in by Messrs. Pulsford, Warren and Stockdale.

At 12:30 o'clock Rev. F. A. Weil of the Third Church, Chicago, conducted a Devotional Service with the central thought of "Consecration of our Powers."

Lunch was served at 1 o'clock.

The afternoon session was devoted to "The Educational Church." Rev. R. C. Bryant of the Christian Union Church, Rockford, spoke of "The Church the People's University" to the following effect: Character grows, is not built; is a life process, God's work. Culture, dealing with a life process, is thus a far-reaching term, worthy to describe the purpose of a church. The new spirit in education and in religion shares the same ideals and methods. All true religion must be educational and all true education must be religious. Not to learn facts or to accept creeds, but to develop power, to cultivate character is, or ought to be the supreme end in both school and church. Education and character are not to be gotten once for all, like a college degree or baptismal certificate, but ought to grow through life. To see that this is done is the business of the church. The Christian Union Church tries to do this equally through its service of worship and through its study sections and practical activities of kindergarten, domestic science and manual training.

The paper of Rev. D. M. Kirkpatrick of Streator, "The Religious Value of Symbolic Teaching," was read by Mr. George N. Taylor. It held that symbols and forms are necessary means to the real ends of religion. The Kingdom of God ought to be visible, the Way of Righteousness as plain and concrete as the Appian Way. Classes in literature or woodcarving may afford concrete illustrations of life values. They are important not as ends, but as means to *religious culture.* Art should be the handmaid of religion. The church should be more beautiful than the theatre, should have the best music and the best pictures, because beauty has a religious significance and power to form character through stirring sentiment. For the same reason we ought not to be afraid to make more use of the cross in our churches and should more largely observe the Christian year.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones spoke of "Lincoln Centre," giving earnest utterance to the ideals therein embodied. The New Theology, he said, has won its battle; but the New Psychology and the New Sociology still await any wide acceptance. As they make their way the "Seven Day Church" is inevitable. The question is not whether Isaiah or Browning is more authoritative or incisive, but which, in a given case, is more effective to rouse inner life and power; not whether a service of worship and sermon is good, but whether it is enough. Religion can not be put off in a compartment by itself. Holiness and helpfulness, education and character must be won *together,* if at all. Life is woven all of one web. We must learn to use the mighty force so potent in industry and commerce,—combination, coöperation, unification. Learning this, we learn to love each other and to step over denominational barriers. The Community Church, a Centre from which emanate influences upon every interest of life, is the only logical outcome. This is in accord with the highest phychology of our time, with Spencer's dictum that "Emotional forces are more directive than intellectual forces." We need no place to *nurse* our spiritual forces. They grow by use. The greatest spiritual leaders have been workers. Their insight and spiritual power have been won while doing things, grappling with the ignorance, sin and misery of the world. In our own time we see this in Frances Willard, the Booths, Jane Addams. It is these things that have led to Lincoln Centre, a Social Centre with a new, more democratic name and with a religious core, All Souls Church. At the closing business session the following officers were elected:

President—Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford.
Vice President—Rev. C. W. Pearson.
Treasurer—Mr. F. F. Temple.
Secretary—Rev. E. C. Smith.
Missionary Council—Rev. F. V. Hawley.
Directors—Mrs. W. M. Backus, Mr. O. B. Ryon and Rev. J. L. Douthit.

Forty dollars was voted to the W. U. C. A recommendation was adopted that the W. U. C. thoroughly discuss the financial conditions of missionary work in the West, especially with regard to the proper mode and center of administrative control and management of missionary effort.

The Conference in a resolution declared its hearty sympathy with the Peace Movement,—especially the effort to secure a permanent International Congress.

The evening session was devoted to two thirty minute addresses. Rev. J. V. Blake of Evanston spoke of "The Simple Church." Religion is native, essential, distinctive; a part of normal life, touching all other parts, but distinct from them. Being vital and essential, religion must be social. The Simple Church is the social expression of the distinctive thing,—Religion. It deals primarily with ideals and sentiments. Man is set in a mighty universe, surrounded by overwhelming forces. To this universe he is "bound back." He is a part of it. He is conscious of the One in the many and of the many in the One. How is he "bound back?" By fear, distrust, dread? Or by faith, hope and love? To make the bond of this latter character the work of the Simple Church, to cultivate the sentiments of trust and loving obedience, this is its *whole* work, for this lies back of all else, is most fundamental; and this sentiment uplifts, dignifies and moralizes all the relations of life. The world needs various societies for humane work? Yes! And it will have them from the *humane men,* whom to produce is the business of the church. It will produce them by patiently and persistently holding up the Ideal until it draws men to itself and moulds them into the same image.

Rev. F. V. Hawley made the closing address, his subject being "The Holy Communion." He said: "The underlying figure of this Christian Sacrament comes from barbarous times when men ate the heart of a dead hero in the fond hope that thus his strength and courage would enter into them. This rude symbol Jesus spiritualized, making bread and wine the visible signs which should keep alive his memory, so that his love should be to his disciples a sure possession and in the world an abiding power. The Holy Communion is thus a holy contagion of one high soul upon its fellows, begetting loyalty to a leader and united effort to fulfil his desire and plans. This is what the rite at its best has historially meant. But beyond this, higher and holier, is the communion Jesus enjoyed with the Great Source of Life and Love, reflected in his saying, "The Father and I are one." This is direct fellowship with the Highest, without mediator. This Jesus desired for his followers and as they attain it they enter into completer fellowship with him. This higher communion, friends, may be ours. In the darkest places there is light. Even drudgery may be transformed and transfigured for us if in, and through, and by it we can see that we are co-workers with the Divine Power, sharers and partakers of the Divine Life. This a "Communion of the Saints" open to you and to me. Some of these "Saints" are within and some are outside the churches. From beside the grave of one I have but just come,—a man simple, unpretending, but mourned by a whole community because his great loving heart reached out to all and served all to the exent of his ability. Let a church have that spirit and that atmosphere and you can't keep people from it. Into that fellowship they will press, for there will they find the bread and wine to nourish their hungry souls and strength to bear all burdens and the joy of being conscious partakers of the Divine Life. E. C. S.

Foreign Notes.

What Makes a Nation?—*Le Signal de Genève* quotes with pardonable satisfaction the following lines concerning Switzerland from the pen of M. Albert Sorel of the French Academy:

"Switzerland expanded slightly in 1815 and steadily concentrated. A neutral state since 1815, she remains, independent and free, in the midst of Europe, like a pledge of peace among the great powers. She demonstrates, by the example of all her history, that that which makes a nation is neither its natural limits, mountains, lakes or rivers, nor race, nor language. In other words, national independence and the liberty of man depend neither on physical nor physiological conditions, nor on the principles of chancery, but on men who have the consciousness of belonging to one and the same society. The nation originates in a general community of interests, identical affections, like traditions and customs among men; refuting thus the abstract, arbitrary and selfish definitions of a nation given by each one to legitimate its claims on foreign nations; and substituting therefor the only notion which as a whole is real, exact, humane and reasonable, that of a nation which was formed in spite of natural obstacles, in spite of diversities of origin and differences of

language, and has lived notwithstanding all the dangers that the ambitions and rivalries of its neighbors, the great powers, have compelled it to undergo.''

A somewhat similar thought is developed at greater length by Prof. Hugo Münsterberg in his recently published book *Die Amerikaner.*

In the preface to this work, written especially for Germans, he tells his fellow-countrymen that the strangest, most surprising and significant thing is that, notwithstanding amazing variations in culture and social condition, the American, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is one and the same. With far greater diversity in culture than can be found in Germany, the difference in men is far less. The Mecklenburger, he says, and the Bavarian, yes, even the Silesian and the Rhinelander, have fundamentally different aims and ideals, while the 80,000,000 under the starry banner are essentially one, impelled by the same forces, living for the same ends, subject to the same faults and limitations, looking at the world through the same eyes, and approaching it in the same spirit. When this is realized the motley diversities of culture seem but the outward garment, here peasant's frock, there robe of state under which the same being appears, a spiritual unity, that new man in the world's history, the American.

After discoursing at length on the impossibility of arriving at any sympathetic knowledge of the American by the realistic application of philosophical theories as to race and nationality, or the dry, scientific collection of facts about us, he goes on to say that one must learn to understand what motives control the American, what he wishes and how he has fully wrought out his will in the course of his historical development, without waiting until ethnology and physiological psychology can satisfactorily explain precisely what change takes place in the nerve-centers of the European as soon as he sails by the Liberty statute in New York harbor and, landing on the soil of the new world, becomes all at once an American. Doubtless the old saying that blood is thicker than water is true, but the spiritual unity of the American people will be comprehended by him alone who realizes that printer's ink is thicker still than blood.

Turning from these two marked illustrations of national unity in diversity, we find an obverse of the picture in the Orient. Says a recent editorial in *New India:*

''The primary want among us to-day is a strong and genuine love of the mother-land. It is the result of centuries of foreign domination on the one hand, and the narrowing down, in consequence of it, of the interests of the people to mere family or caste concerns on the other. Whatever true civic life we may have had in the remote past found no room and scope to grow to full maturity among us as it did among the other branches of the great Aryan race. Unlike that of Japan, the regulative idea in the development of the Indian peoples, both Hindu and Mohammedan, has, for centuries past, been religion and not patriotism. In Japan their very religion has fostered the sturdy love of country which is the admiration of the civilized world to-day. In India, and specially among the Hindus, religion has developed caste-feelings and clannishness, but not that civic virtue which is called patriotism. This patriotism will have to be cultivated with great care by us now.''

The writer goes on to say that the intense religiosity of the people must be utilized for the purpose, as nothing will take root among the masses of the Indian people that is not based on what they consider religion. He suggests the organization of a systematic cult of the Mother-Land.

''To the patriot,'' he says, ''his country is more than a mere geographical entity, and his nation more than a mere chance collection of human units. His country is the temple of his nation, and his nation the real presence of his ancestors, and that of the God of history as manifested and inculcated in and through the continuity of his race-consciousness. Country and nation are not mere words or abstractions to the educated and the truly cultured, and these find food for their patriotic devotions in the geography and history of their own land. But to cultivate the patriotic sentiments through geography and history, in this broad and rational way, one needs a cultivated imagination and refined sensibilities. For the many, more concrete and narrow symbols are needed. Pilgrimages and the celebrations of historic events and personages are necessary; and above all the worship of the Mother-Land, through some adequate and helpful symbol, must be started and organized for this purpose. The worship of the Mother is not a new thing among us. The Divine Mother is worshiped in a variety of ways by our people. The two most rational and spiritual symbols that can be used in this worship are that of the Mother from whom flows the life and sustenance of the child, and that of the Mother-Land, from which flow the currents of economic, civic, social, religious and spiritual life, which nurture the individual in society.'' M. E. H.

The will of God will be done; but, oh, the unspeakable loss for us if we have missed our opportunity of doing it!

—Brooke Foss Westcott.

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